

THE
^kPolitick Virgin's GARLAND,

Composed of Four excellent

NEW SONGS.

- I. The Politick Virgin.
- II. The Maid's Complaint.
- III. The faithful Man's Answer.
- IV. The Black Bird.



Licensed and entered according to Order



The Politick Virgin's GARLAND,

The young Squire's Courtship to the Politick Virgin.

LET beautiful Virgins a while lend an Ear,
'Twill make you smile, when it you do hear,
And learn you a Trick with your Suitors to play,
And to be as cunning and subtle as they.

There liv'd a young beautiful Maid in the West,
A Farmer's fair Daughter with Riches possess;
A gallant young 'Squire to court her he came,
He swore that her Beauty his Heart did inflame.

She said, Worthy Sir, you're above my Degree,
'Twould be a Disgrace to your Family,
To marry a Farmer's Daughter so mean,
Besides, Sir, your Parents will grieve at the same.

He said, Lovely Creature, ne'er make those Delays,
My Friends cannot hurt me by no Means or Ways,
Five hundred a Year I possess of my own,
Therefore, Love, consent that we both may be one;

With such like Persuasion, her Heart he did win,
But now all the Cream of the Jest does begin;
He having Admittance to visit his Dear,
He then did begin her Virtue to ensuare.

This Virgin she lov'd him as dear as her Life,
Saying, If I consent he'll not make me his Wife,
Some politick Fancy I now must invent,
Or else he will leave me to my Discontent.

A Black-

A Black-a-moor Maiden lived at the next Door,
 Who did this 'Squire so much adore;
 The Farmer's fair Daughter she well knew the same,
 To catch the young 'Squire, thus began her Game.

One Night to this Maiden she said, with a Smile,
 Will you go and walk with me for a while,
 I have a great Secret to you for to tell,
 And if you'll oblige me I'll Reward you well.

I know the young 'Squire you much do adore,
 You have wish'd to enjoy him o'er and o'er;
 The 'Squire is eager my Charms to embrace,
 Here's ten Guineas bright for to lie in my Place.

So keep this a Secret till we meet again,
 The Black said, My Blood leaps for Joy in my Veins,
 What lie with the 'Squire, my Joy and my Dear,
 I'll lie in your Place, Madam, you need not fear.

They parted that Night, the Bargain was made;
 Next Day came the 'Squire to visit the Maid,
 Saying, My dear Creature when will you agree,
 That I to enjoy you shall have Liberty.

The Maid did reply, Sir, if you do design,
 To make me your Bride, and in Marriage to join,
 Why should you my Honour now strive to betray,
 And then you will love the next Face that you see.

The 'Squire immediately to her did say,
 My Dear, if I mean any ill unto thee,
 The Devil may me take, but only that I
 Have sworn e'er I wed, with my Bride first to lie.

She said, If To-morrow at Midnight you come,
 And speak not a Word when you enter the Room,
 But slip off your Cloaths, in the Dark go to Bed,
 I'll freely resign to you my Maidenhead.

The

The 'Squire was pleased the News for to hear,
Saying, Give me a Kiss to seal it, my Dear,
And To-morrow Night don't deceive me, my Life,
When I have enjoy'd you, I shall make you my Wife.

Next Day this young politic Damsel she goes
To look for black *Betty*, and tells her the News;
So gave her the shining Guineas so bright,
Saying, You are to lie with the 'Squire to Night.

At Night in my Chamber I will you convey,
He'll come in the Dark, but you nothing must say,
And if in the Morning your Face he does see,
Pray speak not a Word of discovering of me.

They having agreed, and the Night being come,
She convey'd the black Devil into her own Room;
A lovely Bit for to lie by a 'Squire,
Charm'd with Beauty, and fill'd with Desire.

The Black being stript and laid down in Bed,
The 'Squire came jait at Midnight, as 'tis said;
The Maid let him in, who knew all the Game,
So into the Chamber he softly then came.

He stripp'd in the Dark, and gets into Bed,
Saluting his Jewel, he whispering said,
My dear, you are soft, and as plump as a Mole,
And I will enjoy you this Night by my Sole.

Such Raptures of Joy as the 'Squire possest,
Which makes the old Proverb good I protest;
That Joan serves as well as my Lady in the Dark,
I wish all were Bit like this amorous Spark.

He kissing her Cheeks, said, What does grow here?
These Bubbles are whiter than Lillies to fair;
This Devil she lay like a Sow in a Barn,
To hear how the 'Squire admired her Charms.

Being

Being tired with Joys, close in each others Arms,
 They fell fast a Sleep for to keep them both warm;
 They like to the Ivy together did twine, and
 Their Faces together so closely did join.

The 'Squire awaking at break of the Day,
 Once more with his Jewel ne goes for to play;
 The Day-light appearing, her Face he discerns,
 Cry'd Z——ds, 'tis the Devil I've got in my Arms.

He leap'd out of Bed, which so frightened his Dear,
 Then the ten Furies worse than the Devil did stare:
 The 'Squire being frighten'd, then down Stairs he run,
 Crying, Help me! O help me or I am undone.

The Black was resolv'd not to lie alone,
 She run to the Stairs, saying, Here I do come;
 But missing her Step, on his Back she did fall,
 Holding him fast on the Ground they did sprawl.

The Farmer he hearing this desperate Rout,
 Arose for to see what they might be about;
 And seeing them both scrambling on the Floor,
 He run in again, and shut to the Door.

Crying, There are two Devils if there are no more,
 He open'd the Windows, said, Neighbours implore,
 Come to my Assistance, or I am undone,
 The Neighbours affrighten'd, in Clusters did come.

The Farmer said, Pray break open the Door,
 For I am afraid to come out any more.
 They open'd the Door and enter'd the Room,
 To hide them behind an old Coffin they run.

The Neighbours knew them, the Farmer likewise,
 And being a little out of their Surprise,
 Set up a Laughter to see how the 'Squire
 Stood trembling, sure, this had quenchen'd his Desire.

The

The Farmer's fair Daughter then told all the Game,
The Neighbours they heartily laugh'd at the same;
The 'Squire said, You've been unkind I protest,
To all the whole Country I shall be a Jest.

You have been unkind indeed, by my Life,
She said, Sir, if I was not fit to be your Wife,
I was resolv'd not to be your Whore,
Which made me present you with this Black-a-moor.

The 'Squire he dress'd him and went to his Home;
But now, Sir, the best of the Sport it doth come;
Black Betty begins to look big, as we hear,
And the 'Squire must farther the Babe for his Share.

The Farmer's fair Daughter another has wed,
If all beauteous Virgins would do as this Maid,
And not trust young Men so false and unkind,
I think this young Spark was serv'd in his Kind.

The MAIDEN's Complaint.

WAS ever poor Maiden distress'd in Love like me,
Long was I courted, alas! to my Pain!
My Love he is forsworn, now I am quite undone,
He loves another, and does me disdain.

When first a wooing, my Love he came to me,
Happy was I in the Love of my Dear;
But I have been too kind, young Men are like the Wind
Cupid direct me the Way I must steer.

My Love-sick Heart is tost, since my Love hath been lost
Like to a ship that has been sailing on the Sea;
Where lofty Winds so high, mounts the Sails to the Sky,
Thus my poor Senses are waving from me.

How false a Creature's Man? How apt to trepan?
Their Eyes shew Deceit, and so false are their Tongues,
Their

Their Feet are swift to go Maidens fair to undo,
Hard is their Heart that does Virgins trapan.

Farewel to Pleasure gay, Love is but Vanity,
Man is a Flower that is pleasant to view;
Virgins I pray take Care, how you this Flower wear,
For round this Rose there grows Branches of Rue.

I'll chuse the pleasant Thyme to be a Flower of mine,
Thyme is pleasant, and ought to be wore;
Maidens fair, mind your Time now in your youthful
Give over loving and learn to be wise. (Prime,

I'll wear the Willow-green, by which it may be seen,
I am forsaken, and he is a false Man;
Though I against him rail, *Cupid* will still prevail,
For I must love him do all that I can.

The faithful Man's Answer.

SURE it is the Voice I hear now of my dearest Dear,
Do not lament Love for still I am true;
What Man that e'er was born, could thy bright Beauty
I love no other fair Creature but you. (scorn

How apt are Maidens fair, for to rove in Despair,
Thinking they are forsaken in every Degree;
Jealousy fills their Mind that young Men are unkind,
And that we court each new Face that we see.

Where shall we find a Maid that *Cupid* has betray'd,
So true in Loving but what will change;
If one comes with Riches store, him she did first adore,
Quickly is slighted with Scorn and Disdain.

So rail no more at Men, we'll join our Hearts and Hand,
Let pretty Maidens convey my Delight,
From the Church to the Bed, when all the Sorrows fled
With circling Pleasures I'll crown thee that Night.
When

When the fair Morning peeps, then the soft Musick
 Shall wake my Dear from her sweet Repose;
 Singing Joy to the Bride, as she lies by my Side,
 With Cheeks more blooming than the Damask Rose.
 When circled in those Arms, I'll riddle all your Charms,
 Till lovely *Phæbus* the Curtain peeps through:
 I'll view thy Charms divine, then farewell Virgin-tune,
 You shall wear the Rose, my dear Love without Rue.

The BLACK-BIRD.

I Am weary with wand'ring all Day and all Night,
 Since my Black-bird has left me and taken its Flight;
 He flies where he pleases, and proves cruel still,
 And leaves me in the Desert wild Beasts for to kill.
 He wanders al' Day and he comes Home at Night,
 And when I am sleeping he stands in my Sight;
 He often times chides me whom I do adore,
 And tells me 'tis a Folly, and that grieves me more.
 My Black-bird's gone a wand'ring I cannot tell where,
 Thro' Groves and thro' Desarts, and leaves me in Despair;
 But I hope to be with him before it be long,
 For I am weary with wand'ring since my Love is gone.
 Young *Jemmy* is my true Love, if you know his Name,
 He has oftentimes told me my Labour's in vain;
 But if he had told me before he withdrew;
 I had never done the Thing which causes me to rue.
 My Love is gone a Sailing to the Isle of Man,
 I fear he'll never prosper for wronging poor *Anne*;
 If God sends him safe, and a fair Wind do blow,
 I hope to see my true Love come safe to the Shore.
 Farewel my dear Jewel since I lov'd in Vain,
 My Heart is oppress'd, and with Grief I complain;
 And of all the Men living, I love him the best,
 And I hope that in Heaven his Soul it will rest.